UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST

SAMUEL D. PATTERSON & CO. PUBLISHERS.

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TWO DOLLARS A-YEAR IN ADVANCE.

THREE DOLLARS IF NOT PAID IN ADVANCE.

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER: NEUTRAL IN POLITICS: DEVOTED TO GENERAL NEWS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, MORALITY, AGRICULTURE AND AMUSEMENT.

VOLUME XXIV. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 7, 1843. WHOLE NO. 1158.

Original Poetry.

BURIAL OF MAD ANTHONY.

WRITTEN FOR THE UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST.
BY WILLIAM WALSH.

A tale of peril and glory was terminated in December 1796. He died in a hut at Presque Isle, aged about fifty-one years, and was buried in the shores of Lake Erie.—*Biography of Gen. Wayne.*

Hush—these are mortal sounds that tell
Us how a hearty sleeper
A soldier's grave is soon to last,
But not until earth's over;
A chieftain's sought to his repose for—
His battles all are over,
And now they lay him in the sod,
Upon that he oft slept
The trumpet and the drum are heard,
But changed the wonted tone,
For silently, mournfully they go
To where he's now alone!
They seem reversed, their measured pace,
The war horse tramping bid,
All speak of him who late was here—
But now is with the dead.
He's gone his last time he smiled a shoutin'
No more in flash will light
His warriors on to victory,
In combat's glorious fight
How then so many a battle fought
And by their leader's side
And waged them all—Mad Anthony—
To speed to victory—
And then! how many a pensive thought
Has thrilled when heard the name
How many bosoms have swelled with pride
To share the brightening fame
Gladly they gave of the hardest forth
Of freedom, to the blest,
And cheerily kept their hatred for
Their country to the last.

The memory of thy patient deeds
Will ever be a spell
To cheer us onward in the path
Which from God was set well
This name shall be a trumpet call
To freedom's battle field,
Which ever keeps its spirit at the sound,
To die—but never yield.

How many a warrior's heart hath rested
As sung the solemn dirge,
How many a one's hath re-heard back
The chord of memory,
And now they bear thee to the one
Another's grave is done.
They leave thee where the sword and spear
Of him I honored, hath a throne.

Original Novellette.

GOVERNOR LEISLER.

WRITTEN FOR THE UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST.
BY JOHN H. MANLY, AUTHOR OF "THE HERO OF HENRICO STREET," ON THE DAYS OF THE LEAGUE.

Hence with your stories,
Mere hasty tri-pennie,
Those bugle ballads
Bring nought but mischief
Or their outlet news
Than truths; there is an end.
SHAKSPEAR'S TEMPEST.

CHAPTER II

Jacob Leisler, and his good lady—whose maiden name was Elsie Tymens—were descendants of Dutch element. During the administration of Sir Edmund Andros, they resided at Albany and by Dutch was treated a flourishing and commercial enterprise. By industry, and the application of a strong, vigorous mind to one favorite pursuit, he had amassed a handsome wealth, increased by the colonial standard. Andros—of some genial feelings for Leisler—with this wealth was the means of placing him in affluent circumstances, both in Albany and New York, as a merchant.

Willard returned himself on the scene of the political apparel; he regretted having appeared in such a plight at Mr Leisler's house—and should not happy in waiting on the ladies of the family. Whereupon exclaimed Leisler, with a hearty slap on the host's shoulders, "Then I have the better of you, for I have not left my clothes behind me." Jacob Leisler, and his wife, were the parents of but one child, a daughter, who was the subject of this chapter. The portrait of a young lady, in the costume of the time, hung over the fire-place, and was the only decoration over a few small framed prints of Scripture subjects, not unexceptionable, which hung on the walls.

The table was served with tea and coffee—and the latter was a luxury in those days—with fine bread—fresh butter rested on a raised cake—and a ham smoked with tempting white fat, graced the board. Leisler and Willard were famished for hearty fare and fragrance after the march.

The lady also presided, was about the same age as her husband; much more resembling the Dutch about short round and plump. The eyes, features of the face were of the Dutch cast, and the complexion of evidence with health. Her manners were simple and quiet in her deportment, and she was a model of a Dutch housewife—scientifically attentive to the comfort of her guests. Maurice Milborne was also present, and Willard was surprised to find him here; since that the modest state had brought on cares, and the trouble of poverty and Leisler's friendship, he had not seen Milborne since his marriage with Miss Bayard. But before falling asleep, he resolved to the conclusion there was the same lovely creature, with the same fascinating manners.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Original Tales.

FIRST AND SECOND LOVE.

WRITTEN FOR THE UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST.

A bright afternoon—succeeding a cold, stormy morning—had brought out the fashionables of Brilford on their gala appointment; gloomily dusty were tulle, furbelow and enamel. Beneath the shade of the trees, in the Park, were groups of the fashionables, and the gay equipages on the Boston road—infusing a freshness and forest spirit in the drooping, animating the scene with a cheerful appearance. Among the gay throng, there was one who appeared to be a stranger—their golden locks making a sad and beautiful contrast with the dark and gloomy clothes. Their style of beauty was of the Saxon—and they were the portal of wealth; they looked, alike as the lovely beauty heard light of age and the chief flower of youth—and the fairest of the fair.

Mabel Bayard smiled for the first time for day as she watched from her window the two ladies and a gentleman passing and repassing the entrance, and a warm, pleasing interest crept into her breast. She was young herself—but a few months from the school of her native village—and the fashionable world, with its gaieties, its splendor, its dissipation, its study. To its happiness, in his full, who was never to follow their his best, could not excite the impact, but the wonder—and the gentleman—for such was the fact—and he, was unnoticed. He fell into a serious scrape which involved the alternative of a quarrel, or apology—which, to a man of honor, was an intensely trying one to decide—requires great consideration, and calm deliberation, both rather of which the gentleman in question was deficient. He was not literally free as he tapped two deeply in the pleasures and indolent peculiar to youth—and from his tone, his movements, at the present moment, he was not in the mood for the enjoyment of a study. To its happened, in his wild career, that the very circumstance his self-possession, and the very temptation, that he had not been accustomed to,

Could her silence be interpreted into a change of opinion? When we last met, it was certain she did not know the extent of her father's opposition to our love, even if, as I now thought from one or two words she dropped, she suspected he would be unfavorable to it: but now, having learnt his settled determination, might not her habits of implicit obedience induce her to surrender me. No one knows, I reasoned, how they will act until the cross comes, and Mary might think and even act as she would never remain true to me, until the emergency arose. A parent's influence is great; might it not be sufficient to estrange her from me? Mr. Harper was an accurate observer of human nature, and an adept in managing it—the manner in which he appealed to me proved that—and being with Mary daily, as he would be, how could it be otherwise but that gradually he should undermine me in her affections. Thus I reasoned, and thus all lovers reason in like circumstances. A thousand fears beset them, which others are real, but gives only visionary.

I was in this state of mind, bordering on madness, when, on the second day after Mr. Harper's departure, I received a letter from Paul Jones requiring my instant presence at Brest. I set out before night, to join him, glad of an opportunity to find, in excitement, some alleviation of my misery.

CHAPTER X
THE BON HOMME RICHARD.

After numerous delays and continued disappointments, Paul Jones obtained a ship more worthy of him than the comparatively small sloop in which he had captured the Drake. The vessel was not, however, one of those new descrits. She had been an Indiaman, possessed but one deck, and was pierced for twenty-eight guns. The commodore, however, altered her so that her armament should contain forty-two guns, a respectable battery. He called her The Good Man Richard, out of compliment to Franklin. With the Alliance and Pallas frigates in company, the brig Vengeance, and a cutter, the Cerf, he set sail from Brest to cruise to the southward. Our ship proved a dull sailer, and an accident happening, by which the Alliance ran into us, we were forced to put after an absence of a few days. Here the Richard was found to be rotten, but as the Alliance—their best ship in the squadron—was given to Landais, and could not be obtained for Paul Jones, and as no better ship offered, he resolved to venture the cruise with her, waiting only for a few necessary repairs.

During the time occupied in our preparations, both before and after our first departure from Groix, I had heard nothing of Mary. From the hour when she left Paris few movements were withheld from me, and though all these two circumstances prevented her acquainting me with her residence or, perhaps, her rigid virtues of duty and delicate sense of womanly propriety forbade it. Often I was tempted to think that, in spite of her protestations, she had forgotten me, and then I would gladly resolve to forget her. But a new season of tenderness would arise, and her image coming up before me, as it appeared in the thousand dear remembrances, my determination would immediately prove weaker, and at length disappear altogether. Thus fluctuating between these two extremes I spent the long winter months, only relieved from the pressure of my unhappiness when duty called me to active occupation.

We were now ready to sail on our second cruise. The night before we departed, a number of the younger officers met at a favorite hotel to sup together for the last time with a few friends on shore. One of the company had just returned from Paris. He was full of the gossip of the town.

"By the bye," he said, at length, turning to me, "the Harpers have returned from Italy where they have been spending the winter and spring. You might have been in Paris to enroll to Mr Harper's beautiful daughter that she owned her life to you; for she is literally besieged with beaux, and who knows but you might distance all. For the glory of the profession I would hope you might. Comrades, I propose the health of fair Amerose."

I did not altogether like the freedom with which Mary's name was used, but I saw that my shipmate's intention was good, besides to have noticed it would have been to reveal my feelings. I was one of the first, therefore to join in the homage.

But this intelligence gave me new cause for unhappiness, which was increased when I found my comrades dwelt on the increasing beauty and vivacity of Mary. Could she still regard me with affection if this was the case.

I asked myself. While I gazed on, mourn'd separated from her, might she to be gay? was the selfish thought that rose in my breast

No. I said mentally, she has forgotten me. She knows of my presence here, and if she still cared for me would have sent me some token of her unchanged affection. But she loves me not. New scenes and more worthily thoughts have eradicated from her heart the love for me; and she is now proud and willing to be sacrificed on the altar of rank and wealth. Let her go! I exclaimed, slaughter! I too can forget, and I will return even a name which shall make her regret her perfidy, or die in the endeavor!

That night I drank high, and won the applause of my companions by my brilliant spirits. They told me I was the star of the company. I remember being greeted with three times three on the conclusion of a speech, in which I returned thanks to Ireland for not ungraciously to our hospitable entertainers. I remember having my hand pressed enthusiastically by one, and three, united fraternal grasp of the sparkling liquor, we left the hotel, accompanied by our friends to the boat. And as we passed, till we shook off the land, and left far across the water, the parting shouts of our enthusiasm.

Our cruise according to the orders transmitted to the Commodore, was to ravage around Ireland and Great Britain, beginning off Dublin, and so making the circuit of the United Kingdom until we reached the Texel, where we were to rendezvous for further orders. The second day we captured a large Dutch ship, laden with French property, and three days after took a brig bound from Greenock to London. During our cruise we made numerous prizes, many of them of value, and struck terror into the trade and navigation of the coast. In company with Paul Jones was in the vicinity, they dreaded attack such as he had attempted at Carrickfergus and Whitehaven.

We had not been long out before Captain Landais of the Alliance, began to show signs of misbehaviour. This proceeded from a half-witted Frenchman, who lavished emotionally between cowardice and a disposition to assert a superior command. In consequence the Alliance was hereafter of little or no value to the squadron, and her conduct in our next action in connection with the Serapis, cause sigh among in the battle, and reflected lasting disgrace on her commander. One of his acts was to engage two letters of marque, one of them mounting twenty-two guns and loaded with stores for the enemy on the American lakes, and to capture the Cerf, her self-appointed consort, then in England. Altogether, we should have very better without his cooperation.

We were a month from port when the Convoy hails of the southernmost part of Scotland. Soon after night, being in the vicinity of the Frith of Forth, the Commodore determined to attempt the capture in the Scottish capital, or, at least to attack and lay under contribution its seaport, Leith. The history of that daring attempt is well known—and I ought to be excused for saying that I was not present. I suffered a repetition of it on my readers, but lose it to say that when the enterprise might have been made with some hopes of success, we were prevented from attempting it by the absence of the Pallas and Vengeance, and the commander of the commodore's consequence and that when finally the attempt was made, a equal action which proved on to take as our main, and which, increasing to a gale, at length compelled us reluctantly to bear out of the Frith, as we had before been driven from Whitehaven and Carrickfergus.

Continuing our course along the coast, we did much damage to the enemy's shipping—burning and sinking numerous colliers and other craft. When off Flamborough Head, we met the return Baltic fleet, under convoy of the Serapis, a forty-four, and the Countess of Scarborough, a twenty. The action that ensued, the most brilliant of Paul Jones' exploits, is well known, however, even in its minutest details to my countrymen, that I avoid a description which might prove tedious. It is sufficient to say that we conquered, though our ship sank on the ensuing morning, from injuries received in the action. Our victory was the more decisive speedy but for the shameful cowardice of Landais, who kept at a safe distance during the whole combat. We have since learned that the prize, the Serapis, after the loss of the Richard, and, after more than a week of boisterous weather, succeeded in reaching the Texel.

CONCLUSION NEXT WEEK.

United States SATURDAY POST.

EDITED AND PUBLISHED BY
SAMUEL D. PATTERSON & CO.

Philadelphia:

SATURDAY MORNING, OCTOBER 7, 1843.

IMPROVEMENT OF THE POST.

It will be found, that we improve this week even upon our last. Having opened the campaign for the winter, we shall not rest until success shall crown our labors. Every thing that capital, industry and unwearied enterprize can accomplish, we shall do. The "cold snap" has given us a taste of what the breeze" for the last twenty-one years, and yet stands proudly at the head of the newspaper of this country, as the result of energy, profit and influence. The present volume we intend shall outdo all former execution, and in many respects shall, succeed the united usefulness. we intend that none shall equal us

Our prizes are now inviting the most liberal competition from any quarter. We will spend no sense in the literary world: and we feel assured that the *Prize Articles* will be of a high order of merit. The *Prize Tales*, for the coming season, will be the family newspaper, beyond all controversy and dispute.

OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP.

Under the foreign head the reader will find an item of unpleasant intelligence in the loss of the United States steamer Missouri. But it is a gratifying fact that the calamity was accompanied by no loss of life: and the very handsome compliment paid to the discipline of the American ship, by the Gibraltar press is a grand testimony to the character of such officers as Commodore Stewart. This unbroyaed event will retrieve Mr Cushing somewhat on his route to China, for he could not blame him the loss of the splendid diplomatic fripperies in dress of which the newspapers had so much to say. All his valuable effects were saved: and he pursued his route to his English steamer.

Other intelligence these is next to none: queen Victoria having visited the King of the French, was on a trip to the Netherlands. It will not be a matter at all surprising if she take it into her head to visit America, that of these days, and pass through a portion of the United States en route. The reason of this trip to France so suddenly made: may be perhaps traced to the disturbances in Ireland. Having purposed a visit to that country, and being detained by the Repeal movement she was not willing to lose her jaunt by water.

At home we have little news. A terrible steam-boat explosion has occurred on the Ohio, attended with an awful and prodigal waste of life. There must be something in the construction of the machinery of these Western boats which exposes them to more danger than the vessels here in use

Our friends have our fullest attendance of—local intelligence we can have but little to offer until after the election, which here absorbs all men's minds. Business remains inactive, and the store of complaint is seldom found amongst us.

EACH MAN'S HORIZON.

We are all far seeing people—on our own opinion. The circle of each man's view takes in all that is worth seeing, and the round of each one's experience includes every thing that is worth knowing. Under such a creed, labory collection of knowledge and of view, it is exceedingly proper that every mother's son and daughter of us should regard those at a certain channel circle as mere outside barbarians. What think you of the world? a question easily answered, if the person replying will but have the common sense to regard that as the world, of which he or she is the acknowledged centre, and all without the limits of his vision as a desert region—not worth a thought. It is this contradictable philosophy which makes the Esquimaux content with his seal blubber and whale oil soup. It is this that makes the Copt also luxurious in the Pyramids, and fierce Flatmeln to cook his beauty pie; though they are without intentions for fuel and insects for food.

It is this that induces the King of twenty-five negroes, in the interior of Africa to send forth his herald to proclaim that he has reigned, and that all other potentates of earth are now at liberty to do so. It is this that binds the Gaulow to the Alps, and the Arab to the desert. We prove to many instances that we are possessed by their influence inspired by their spirit, habituated to their very thoughts, and, till of what without the limits of the disadvantages, are our comforts.

Mr Fenner Parkhurst, tool cut eight years with Hills Brother.

The wind was at a fearful height the sea was tremendous to look upon.

Lord bless me how I pines those villanous chaps do look

The tides rose fly—the walls must crack and fall base over head over.

Oh dear, dear, and there now they tumble and tumble and tumble.

Why shall they get, in such a case as is we are

A little exaggerated you say? Pictures illustrate the art so fully as to leave no room for the art, and fully as much for the artist. A wide sea room, well found and well manned is as safe a shelter as the would can offer, and quite as comfortable as a cell. The world, in that "each man's horizon," no doubt has views that he cannot appreciate the confusion and consequences of others. If the world is to remain free from all of that confusion in the world which makes it now so miserable

Why should they not? Pictures illustrate the art so fully as to leave no room for the artist.

PERILS OF THE SEA.

The brig Emeline, Seaside their Wood, arrived at New Bedford last week, from Port Praya, with but ten hands on board. Capt. Miller, the mate states, that on the 4th of July last, two whales were seen and the boats started in pursuit, the captain being in the second. The mate in another, and steering in opposite directions were soon out of sight of each other and of the vessel. The mate's boat was struck by which the captain's boat was struck, and in the latter the mate's also: the latter however, succeeded in escaping the attack, and rescuing the boat about to attack at night, and on learning that the captain's boat was missing immediately dispatched a boat in pursuit of it. On reaching the boat they found that the captain had died of exhaustion, and the crew had knocked his body across the boat: one or two of the crew were also nearly gone, and all were taken on board. Mr. Miller then made the best of his way into Port Praya, where the boat he was put in charge of Captain Seaside, late of both Incomes, of Philadelphia, but now that of Green Bringer, Esq., engaged.

THE POST OFFICE.

We observe that another attempt has been made at local quarters to enforce certain obsolete laws relative to the transmission of newspapers and periodicals. Since the passage of the acts referred to many things have happened which render them extremely inapplicable to the present state of affairs. Steamboats have grown up into a circulation which, a few years ago was not dreamed of—railroads have facilitated the speedy transmission of periodicals by bringing distant points nearer, in time, together; and a habit of reading has risen, which, growing by what it feeds on, has made the printing-press more than ever important in our country.

A few years ago a man who should have undertaken to make a living by the sale of newspapers and periodicals, would have been a laughing stock for his neighbors. Now establishments for the sale of such commodities are found in nearly every large town, and in all cities. Newspapers and periodicals are transmitted in heavy bales, as merchandize, in quantities which would utterly swamp the mail, if the letter of the law were attempted to be complied with. At the same time, the newspapers prove troublesome to the mail carrier he throws aside the bag for a week or two: and at the north similar expedients are, we presume, be gained by employing the mail for the conveyance of the millions of copies of periodicals of all sorts which are yearly exchanged between our large cities and towns.

Yet Mr Wickliffe has issued circulars to the Rail Road Presidents, and we suppose to others, requiring a literal fulfilment of the Post Office Law, and indeed, asking a little more than that: that the agents and contractors shall keep such merchandize out of the trains. How are these officials to know whether a box containing Graham's Magazine, the Saturday Post, or any other article, equally necessary in a well ordered house-hold, but clearly not "mailable" by the Postmaster's rules?

People will not submit to have either their information or their means of refined literary enjoyment hampered in the way that the Post-master proposes. There is no justice or reason in it: and the wiser course for the Postmaster gen. to leave matters as they now are, until Congress shall pass a new act adapted to the present state of the country

Since the above was in type we have observed a piece of precious humbuggery. The Postmaster of Boston has issued a notice, calling the attention of the public to the forwarding letters to Europe by the British mail steamers, to the necessity of passing their letters and newspapers through the Post Office in order to insure their delivery in Europe. It appears that all letters found on board these ships if they have been regularly mailed, are seized by the British admiralty agent and returned to the post office in Boston. It should be borne in mind that all letters, to be safely forwarded by these steamers unless the usual United States postage has been first paid. If we understand this it amounts to a discrimination between the British admiralty agent, and the American Post Office, to compel letters sent even from Boston, to be put into the Boston office and pay a tax there. There is no wonder that the penny postage is not adopted —the penny principle is beyond the Post Office management: and the Department is sedulously engaged in saving at the tap, while by the neglect of proper legislative reforms, there are woful leaks at the bung-hole

AGRICULTURAL EXHIBITION.

The opening day of the Exhibition of the Philadelphia Society, for promoting Agriculture, drew a crowd of spectators to the Land-Tavern on Wednesday. The novelty seemed the case of cheerful bustle the day was fine, and the collections presented much to see and to hear. We give the names of the exhibitors, deferring the list of premiums until next week when we can have it in season for our country edition.

The only society were some Southdowns, the property of T. M. Peters.

Exhibitors of Durham, and other fine cattle were Messrs. James Gowen, Dennis Kelly, Thomas Robinson, George Vaux, Joseph Sharpless, Capt. G. Maxwell of Delaware, Joseph Bell, Chester County, Delaware, Benjamin Yocum, Mendal Eyre Jr., Wm. Evans, Jr., Thomas, Owen Jones, H. Neiman, Isaac W. Roberts, R. T. Potts, Isaac Newton, George Allen, John Hill, Col. Wm. M. Powell, Mr. Cooper, Josiah Barnes, Thos. Smith, S. Williams, Col Kenderton Smith, Charles Jones, John Hunter, and others whose names we could not learn.

These exhibitors had many of them several cow specimens, and a most splendid display of cattle as seldom seen. Exhibitors of horses were,

Messrs. Dennis Kelly, B. G. McClellan, Wm. Cottman, Charles Lloyd, John F. Parke, C. W. Keyser, William Robinson, Benjamin Stiles Jr. Hough, Alexander Wilcox, Mr. Cooper, Samuel W. Woodward, Thomas T. Thorton Hugh Rogers, Edward L. Goodwin

Exhibitors of Swine, John Jones, Benjamin Hutchman Lewis Willard

Corn and Vegetables. Dennis Kelly, William Thorton, Jr. Hooke, Wm. Wilson, H. Howell of Montgomery, Isaac Newton, of Delaware county.

There was also a small but excellent assortment of agricultural implements, which we are not able to particularize. It is proper also to remark that the specimens of these was some admirably in obtaining names and particulars and that therefore it is next to entirely. We have made some notes, but find that there are good and honest persons among the disciples of this fantastic school: we shortly expect the confessions of others. If the world is to remain free from all of that confusion in the world which makes it now so miserable

Why should they not? Pictures illustrate the art so fully as to leave no room for the art, and fully as much for the artist. We are not bound to have a little more charity for other men, and a little higher appreciation of other occupations. If the love of country is afflicted with a little eccentricities which are attributed to the malevolent influence of a woman, old and ugly of

United States SATURDAY POST.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION, &c

$3 per annum—$2 if paid in advance; $1.25 in advance for six months.

Postmasters are requested to *friend* their letters addressed to us. They will confer a favor by doing so.

Agents will please endorse their letters with their names or residence.

Other letters will not be taken from the Post Office unless they are paid or *sold*.

Papers discontinued only at the end of the current half year, unless ordered, and then only at the option of the Publishers if arrearages are due.

Small Bills, Notes of solvent Banks received in payment for subscription.

Agents are earnestly solicited to make quick remittances, without which it is difficult to keep accounts correct. They should always give names and time paid for.

Remember none papers are sent from the Post Office removed from, or well as to which the paper is to be addressed.

LIST OF AGENTS.

☞ The following agents will still act for the Saturday Post; and the public may rely on their punctuality.

☞ TRAVELLING AGENTS for Graham's Magazine, United States Saturday Post, and Lady's World of Fashion.

☞ We have no travelling agent by the name of Wilkinson.

Mr. C. W. JAMES, of Harrison street, Cincinnati, Ohio, is our Agent for Ohio, Indiana and Michigan, vice *ad hoc* Morse. *Rogers, Tin & Co. & Co. & Co.* & Co.

HENRY M. LEWIS is appointed Agent for Alabama and Tennessee.

ISRAEL E. JAMES, Agent for all parts to the South and South-West—also for Cincinnati, Ohio, and Lady's World of Fashion. *William H. Weld, O. H. P. Stone and Henry Wright.*

THOMAS STEVENS is our Travelling Agent for New York and Pennsylvania.

WILLIAM A. PIKE Feoffees to us in Pennsylvania.

HARRIS HALL is our Agent for Boston and New England.

WM. and WM. M. WHEELER, to Alabama.

IAN. P. LENTON is authorized to act as Agent in Mississippi, and parts of Tennessee and Louisiana.

ALEXANDER HILLIARD is authorized to act in Texas. He is also authorized to obtain new subscribers in Mississippi, Louisiana, and United States Saturday Post and Lady's World of Fashion.

Sample copies may also be had at his store in Nashville.

Notices of New Works.

THE GIFT—Maxine Chevy K. Hart. have published *The Gift*—one of the most beautiful of the annuals that will Always among the most popular of the annuals, the work for the coming year may safely be said to be equal, if not superior to any of its predecessors, and the publishers seem likely to retain, more, if not all of their competitors in the enterprise. Besides the usual variety of Original Tales, Essays, Poetry, Sketches being superbly bound, splendidly illustrated, and having the typographical execution of the highest order, it will possess additional claims to attention which distinguish it from its predecessors.

CHARLES FENNO HOFFMAN, Esq., of the Editorial Corps of the Knickerbocker Magazine, and W. Clement. The number of the Magazine has a superior portrait, which, although not a striking likeness, is a very fine piece of engraving. The Editor has an intellectual head, but not over-intellectual, and his countenance is full of benevolence and kindness of heart. The literary and poetical departments are generally of a high character.

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Notices of the Dead.

STRIKING INTO DEATH.—Died in Boston, last week, Mr. William Abrams, at the advanced age of 101 years, 8 months and 11 days. Mr. Abrams was a tailor formerly, but after the age of 80 he took a grocery store which he kept for many years. His living was very simple: he ate and drank every thing in moderation, and was uncommonly active. For the last 18 months before the exception of a few weeks he has walked daily from his residence in Prince, near Salem street, to Charlestown Bridge and back. For about eight weeks previous to his death, he slept most of the time, and was awakened by his daughter for the purpose of giving him nourishment.

☞ The venerable Clarkson Crolius, for some years member of the Legislature of New York, and Speaker of the House, and well-known for his general ability and sterling integrity, and whose name is identified with the progress of that city, died on Tuesday last. He had been ill for some weeks of a disease of the heart.

Foreign Intelligence.

ARRIVAL OF THE ACADIA.

FIFTEEN DAYS LATER.

The steamship Acadia arrived at Boston on Thursday last, with dates from Liverpool to 14th inst. The most interesting intelligence is in Annexations is the loss of the Steamship Missouri, by which we shall find a full account. The steamer extracted from a Gibraltar Journal. Lord Wharncliffe of the Museum came out in the Acadia, and will be back in time to sail for home.

In regard to trade and business, all accounts speak favorably. Confidence is restored, and prices are looking up. Cotton is firmer, and prices cannot be quoted much higher than previous advices. The news from the manufacturing districts is generally favorable.

The Queen of England had returned from France, and was absent on a trip to Ostend, to meet the King of Prussia. Rumour also would go to Bruges, Brussels, Ghent, and other famous cities of the Netherlands. There is no later intelligence from Spain. The Carlist war, although the theatre of active operations, is not unfavorable. Of Cabrera but things are quiet. Of Espartero it is said that he is determined to assert his authority, and that he will not be driven from Madrid. Of Narvaez it is said that he is determined to assert his authority, and that he will not be driven from Madrid.

The Russian Empire is in a flourishing condition. The Emperor Nicholas is expected to visit Berlin.

The Duke of Cumberland is dead. He was born in 1771, and was the fifth son of George III. He was married to the Princess Frederica of Mecklenburg Strelitz, and has left a son, the present King of Hanover, who succeeds to the throne of that country.

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Religious Intelligence.

NEW YORK EPISCOPAL CONVENTION.—Some excitement was manifested in the Episcopal Convention in the Protestant Episcopal Church in New York, growing out of an attempt to pass one as the Bishop of New York, in the room of Bishop Mr. Carey. Resolutions were offered favoring the Delegates to the general convention of the Church, and the matter has been laid over for the present.

A new Methodist Church was dedicated to the worship of God at Chillicothe, Ohio on the 24th ult. The contributions during the dedication amounted to $2,000.

The Anniversary of the Sabbath School in Ohio, N. Y., was celebrated last week. There were present upwards of 1000 children.

The Legislature of Massachusetts has appointed Thursday, the 30th of November, as a Thanksgiving Day.

Educational.

PRINCETON COLLEGE ANNIVERSARY.—The 97th Anniversary of the College of New Jersey, was celebrated on Wednesday week, when the annual Oration was delivered by the Hon. W. L. Dayton. A large and fashionable audience was in attendance. The exercises were of a highly interesting character. The degree of A. B. was conferred upon sixty-three members of the Senior Class, and among them a number of sons of several Philadelphians. A large number of the Alumni of the College were also admitted to the honorary degree of A. M. The honorary degree of D. D. was conferred by the Board of Trustees upon the Rev Clark Hanford, of Mississippi, Ireland, and upon the Rev. Theophy Smyth, of Charleston, S. C. The honorary degree of A. M. was conferred on Ashbel Welch, Esq., of Lambertville, N. J., and on Jesse C. Ten Eyck, of Mount Holly, N. J.

☞ At the recent commencement of Marshall College, Mercersburg, Pa. the degree of L. L. D. was conferred upon the Rev. Dr. John Frost, Professor of Belles Letters in the High School. Mr. Frost's attainments also entitle him to this honor.

☞ At the recent commencement of Marshall College, Mercersburg, Pennsylvania, held on the 25th ult., the degree of A. M. was conferred, pursuant to the unanimous resolution of the Board of Trustees, on the Honorable James Madison Porter.

☞ The honorary degree of D. D. was worthily conferred upon the Rev. W. Alexander, the accomplished Professor of Belles Letters in the College of New Jersey, at Princeton, at the late commencement of Lafayette College, Easton, Pa.

Lafayette College.—At the late Annual Commencement of Delaware College, in Newark, Delaware, the degree of Master of Arts was conferred upon the Rev. Alexander J. Bevan, and Samuel R. Gordon, of this city.

Army & Navy.

GUN FOR THE PRINCETON.—At the Hammersley Foundry, on North Front, is now in process of wrought iron, which is fourteen feet long, three feet in diameter at the breech, and weighs about fifteen thousand pounds. It is made for Government, and will be placed on board the Princeton steamer. Capt Stockton, now at Philadelphia. This extraordinary gun is hammered out with a hammer weighing fifteen thousand pounds. It is calculated that the strength and power of this piece when finished will carry a ball of one-third greater weight, and one-fourth increased distance, than the best and most powerful.

The Ship Dr. Morris, U. S. N.—The Army and Navy Chronicle of the 28th ult., says that the full amount of money necessary for erecting a dry dock at Gosport, Va., near Commodore Norfolk, whose term of command has expired.

Items of News.

THE RUSSIAN ESTATES IN BOSTON.—An authentic settlement has been made between the heirs of the late Count Woronzow, of Russia, and the late Count Woronzow, of Russia, and the late Count Woronzow, of Russia, and

Gems from the Poets.

DEATH OF THE FLOWERS.

BY BRYANT

The melancholy days are come,
The saddest of the year,
Of wailing winds and naked woods,
And meadows brown and sere.
Heaped in the hollows of the grove,
The withered leaves lie dead;
They rustle to the eddying gust,
And to the rabbit's tread.
The robin and the wren are flown,
And from the shrub the jay,
And from the woodcrop rolls the chrome,
Through all the gloomy day.

Where are the flowers, the fair young flowers,
That lately sprang and stood
In brighter light and softer air,
A beauteous sisterhood?
Alas! they are in their graves;
The gentle race of flowers,
Are lying in their lowly bed,
The cold winds and the showers.
And from the stem the last gust of wave
Tore off the withered leaf.
But cold November rain
Calls not from out the gloomy earth,
The lovely ones again.

The wood flower and the violet,
They perished long ago,
And the wild rose and the rathe died
Amid the summer glow;
But on the hill the golden rod,
And the aster in the wood,
And the yellow sunflower by the brook
In Autumn beauty stood.

Till frost the frost from the clear cold heaven,
As falls the plague on men,
And the brightness of their mien was gone,
From upland, glade and glen.

And now, when comes the calm, mild day,
As still such days will come,
To call the squirrel and the bee
From out their winter home;
When the sound of dropping nuts is heard,
Though all the trees are still,
And twinkle in the smoky light
The waters of the rill;
The south wind searches for the flowers
Whose fragrance late he bore,
And sighs to find them in the wood
And by the stream no more.

And then I think of one who in
Her youthful beauty died—
The fair meek blossom that grew up
And faded by my side.
In the cold moist earth we laid her,
When the first autumn snow
Was on the hills, and then we came
Away with hearts that melted
To leave her there alone—
She faded like a wintry flower
Of which the world is not worthy.

Biographical.

HUGH S. LEGARE.

In the Southern Literary Messenger we find an eloquent article upon the life and character of Hugh S. Legare, late Attorney General of the United States. It is from the pen of William C. Rives, of Virginia, and we regret that we have room for only extracts of it entire.

The extraordinary powers and varied attainments of the late Attorney General were the product of early and invincible culture, and of unfailing industry and labor. How nice could such rare excellence, in so many different combinations of human talent and knowledge, have been acquired, for he was *prænus ruter* now in all—a finished scholar, a consummate master of political lawyer, an able and accomplished statesman. No feeling of genius, however great, no fecundity of nature, however teeming, could account for such intellectual riches, without the creative energies of constant and unwearied diligence. For it is a truth as applicable to the philosophy of mind as to the science of political economy, that labor is the true and only source of either mental, or material wealth. No paltry variety of natural endowments ever prevented Mr. Legare from bearing earnest and instructive testimony, in his discourse as he exemplified so strikingly in his practice, the truth and value of this grand expression of all sound superiority and success. In the lowest of his life in extremely impressive and valuable as an example to his countrymen, and particularly to those of his young countrymen who may fall into the too common error of considering natural ability and sagacity for idleness.

As a scholar, he stood without a rival among the public men of America of his day, and if, even in that class of learned men who make the intellectual pursuit of letters the sole business of their lives, he had any superior in scholarship, it would be difficult to say who and wherein that superiority was. Although the great writers of antiquity, the master minds of Greece and Rome, was intimate, thorough and intimate—opening all his ready and perfect command of those hidden treasures of thought, philosophy and wisdom, all those exquisite models of taste, eloquence and power which he embodied in their immortal works. In the language and literature of modern Europe he was perfectly at home. He not only read, but wrote and spoke the languages of France and Germany with the ease and elegance of a native, and as a critic nicely versed in their history and literature. As a speaker and writer, the style of the eighteenth century and especially that of the statesmen of Britain and Ireland, from the days of Burke, was the one of which he was the most profound admirer. Whatever was the elevation and originality of his diction, it was uniformly supported by a corresponding fullness and elaboration of thought. The stream of his eloquence was fed from copious and inexhaustible fountains, and its majestic current fertilized and ornamented the banks.

His character and abilities, as a professional and accomplished jurist, have already been given to the world by abler authority than ours. To the question, What was the supreme judge? Mr. Legare, in his beautiful and touching address to the Law Academy of Philadelphia, on the funeral honor of Bowers were not among the chief of the departed spirit, combined, unfortunately and unexampled, as we are, in the United States, with the management and interests of Mr. Legare were of the very first order. He early consecrated the ambition of his youth, not to the gratification of vanity, but to gratify a noble, manly, to be possessed by any private or personal end, but from that desire of the best gifts of his country and the gratification and magnificence desire to bear his part in upholding the honor and success of her social institutions. His whole training was one of admirable preparation for that high career. There is no branch of knowledge proper to an American statesman, which he was not profoundly adept. He had thoroughly studied the question of popular government, as well in its constitutional principles, as in all its great historical examples. Where Mr. Legare, there was some new Congress, he came clad in complete armor, and ready for any regular onset to him during the brief period of his service there, more with what fullness of information, and with what acute and discriminative use of it, every question in which he took a part—distributing it with the widest magnitude of illustration—and with the ripest maturity of thought and wisdom—while adorning it with the graces of a learned and captivating eloquence.

He was called to take a prominent position in the Executive Government of the country, for which he was pointed out mainly by the usual custom of his fitness—for he never sought it, and his friends deemed the loyalty of him, to believe that any office was capable of adding to the intrinsic dignity of his talents and worth. This new sphere of duty elevated new powers and developed comprehensive faculties of public usefulness, co-extensive with, and equal to, every demand of the public service. When unexpectedly called to fill the leading Executive Department, it is not unreasonable to suppose, and it is hoped no suggestion may be made without offence, that some of the able and distinguished men who have filled it, upon their first introduction to its duties, probably ever felt more at home among its high and imposing concerns, than did Mr. Legare—excepting, always, with the profoundest reverence, so especially their close, those great minds of revolutionary schooling, which grew up along with the theory and difficult questions of our international relations, and which laid deep the foundations of our foreign policy and public law.

Eminent as were the intellectual powers and accomplishments of Mr. Legare, they formed by no means, the most distinguished part of his public character. It was the high moral tone so visibly impressed on all his actions, the disdain of every thing low and mean and narrow, the commanding elevation of his principles and views, the lofty spirit of personal honor, the magnanimous courage and self-reliance of conscious virtue, which made him truly great. What the greatest of living orators so impressively said of the first of British Statesmen, with suitable modifications, may be justly said of Legare. "No State chicanery, no narrow system of vicious politics, no idle contest for mere party victories, regardless of principle, ever sunk him to that vulgar level of the so-called great?" but resolute, conscientious, undaunted and unsubdued, his object was ever the glory, liberty and happiness of his country —his means were truth, integrity, patriotism and honor.

A character, thus marked by the prominent and dazzling traits which enlist public admiration and applause, was set off by all those milder but not less winning qualities, which inspire affection and esteem, and which give to human life its highest charm and sweetest attraction. He was the delight and the ornament of the society he frequented. The spirit and brilliancy of his conversation were unremitting and unsurpassed. His manners were of the most perfect tone, uniting the dignity and elegance of the gentleman with the cordiality and playfulness of the unsophisticated and the frank. He had cultivated, with no small success, a taste for the fine arts, whose happy influence is to humanize and adorn, without enervating the character. But above all, his heart was warm, noble, generous and true, despising every form of hollowness and meanness—embracing, with the strong affinities of a kindred spirit, whatever was lofty in principle, magnanimous in sentiment, or virtuous in action—entering, with the warm and unrestrained effusions of childhood itself, into the lovely sympathies and affections of domestic life—and in friendship ever firm, faithful and devoted. But consciousness, such as these, are too indistinctly connected with a well founded sense of an irreparable personal loss, to be shrouded upon the public eye, and the sacred curtain which the hand of an all wise and mysterious Providence has let fall upon the cherished hopes and affections of the heart, must remain farther undisturbed.

ON DOMESTIC REFORM.

I believe we are beginning to find out the folly of making sacrifices to keep up appearance. The credit of a man of business is now strengthened if he makes no display—if his house furnished, is frugal in his living, manages to save a penny, make a decent appearance without the aid of unusual extravagance, does nothing for effect, and makes no costly entertainment. How different it was in 1836. It was a furious contest for extravagance and costly rivalry. If one man in business hired a large house and furnished splendidly another caught the infection, hired a larger house and furnished it more splendidly than his neighbor; and fashion perverted, luxury and fashionable opposition received great mature. Failure followed failure, and in a short time they crowded close upon each other in the list of bankrupts. It is needless to here evil examples are closely mentioned. It my neighbor, no better off than myself, lives extravagantly, sees company, gives great dinners, and keeps a fast horse, I am put on a measure reckless and discontented till I can do the same. the contagious epidemic—we are all of the infected district, all have a touch of the disease, all take the same medicine, and all are equally prostrated. Now if we are more prudent, and absence of all pride and self-indulgence, how much better we should be off at the end.

When shall the reform commence? We answer now, from this very moment! Better times prevail, nay what we will have better, that little tube that goes from your heart to the stomach, what business is done, is done with less profit it is true, but with more security—it is difficult to ruin the silver dollar just, with ordinary management, it will go further and provide much more than it did in 1836. Let us improve the present by introducing everywhere a rigid economy and wage a experience wherever we can do so. Let us begin by discarding every thing looking like show and ostentation—let us study comfort and give up luxuries.—Mayor Nott.

The Humorist.

☞ Two natives of the Mangerean Islands a lady and gentleman, have been carried to France; the their voyage one of their fellow passengers asked them what they thought of the French or the English? "Oh, the English," answered the man, shaking his lips, "they have the finest food." And a great deal more he did, situated in the woman with a gun that exhibited two rows of pounded teeth, as adapted a formidable appearance.

☞ Philosophers have puzzled themselves how to define man, so as to distinguish him from other animals. Burke says he is a tool making animal that cooks his victuals. There, says Johnson, the property is not there is many in roasting eggs. Dr. Hutchinson is not the case. Mario says he is an animal that makes bargains—no other animal does this one dog does not change a bone with another.

☞ Because of lowering clouds for low-ness.
Because of looking pretty gate out of window-sill.
Because of light pencils to coax school scholars.
Because of send or sugar and you coffee.
Because of old fashion buried and made into new.
Because of short valedictories among dry goods.

EPIGRAM FROM ATSONIUS

Rats are so many—the proper and the poor—
The latter cannot their larder keep secure;
The bigger only wants for bread and beer;
But the small rat is sadder than any devil.

☞ A little girl while playing on the steps of a house in Lawrent street Boston, near the river, asked a man who was outside of the jail no believe—"Little girl, what your mother know you are out?" "Hey! hey! sir does your mother know you are out" was the ready reply of the little Miss.

☞ A modern writer observes that "he who speaks lightly of female secrets, is either a fool or a knave." Knave is very severe, but saying never enough to discern its benefits, and the latter leaving the resistance it says to the discretion of the reader.

☞ An American describing the prevalence of duelling, summed up with—They even fight with daggers in enemy hand and cannibals!—was the reply—Possible, sir!—returned the Yankee, "why, I have seen them.

☞ There's a place on the Jersey shore, says the New York Atlas, where the inhabitants are so fat and greasy, that they have to be rolled on the sand to keep them from slipping out of bed.

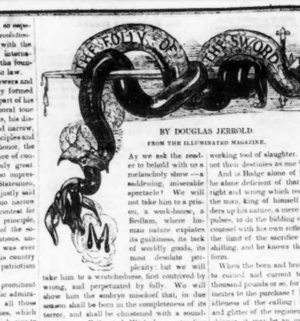
☞ Mr. Jacob Oyster is announced as a candidate for the legislature in Franklin county, Pa. He will probably get into a scrape before he is elected.

☞ A man in Boston advertises to give twenty people a handsome face for fifty cents. We never saw a ugly man.

☞ The Pocataqua Farmer says that *Jack Frost* has used up all the garden "sass" in that county.

☞ What is remembered dies—what is written lives.

☞ Mirror—a spy-glass which looks backwards.



BY DOUGLAS JERROLD
FROM THE ILLUMINATED MAGAZINE.

As we ask the reader to behold with us a melancholy show—a saddening, miserable spectacle! We will not take him to a prison, a work-house, a Bedlam, where human nature expiates its guiltiness, its lack of worldly goods, its most desirable perplexity: but we will take him to a wretchedness, first contrived by wrong, and perpetuated by folly. We will show him the embryon mischief that, in due season shall be born in the completeness of its terrors; and that, too, with a comely, handsomely. In Bardage Walk, Glory sits upon her eggs, and hatches eagles!

How rarely beautiful in the sky above us! What a blessing comes with the fresh, quick air! The trees, drawing their green beauty from the earth, quicken the heart with the bumptiousness of this teeming world. Here, in this nook, this patch, where we yet feel the vibrations of some mighty heart, which is nature, constant in her beauty, blooms and smiles, uplifting the heart of man, if the heart be but fit for it.

Now look aside, and contemplate God's image with a musket. Your bosom still expanding with gratitude to the Giver of all, sings she has heaped about you, behold the crowning glory of God's work managed like a hind of an ox slays the mysterious Providence has let fall upon the cherished hopes and affections of the heart, must remain farther undisturbed.

working tool of slaughter. Tree and man are not their destinies are one!

And a Bridge alone of benighted mind! Is he alone deficient of that knowledge of moral right and wrong which really and truly crowns the man, king of himself? When he surrenders up his nature, a mere machine with human pulses, to do the bidding of war, has he taken counsel with his own reflection—does he know the limit of the sacrifice? He has taken the shilling, and he knows the facings of his uniform.

When the beau and best gentleman, to keep his current and current terms, pays down his thousand pounds or so, for his commission, what incites to the purchase? It may be the elegant air of the scarlet and gold, the fine tassels and glitter of the regimentals—or, devout worshipper, it may be an unquenchable thirst for glory. From this moment that his name stands on the Gazette, what does he become! The bondservant of war. Instantly he ceases to be a judge between mortal right and mortal wrong—his duty not to think but to obey. He has given up surrendered to another the freedom of the soul he has debauched the majesty of his own will. He must be active in wrong, and see not the injustice shed blood for craft and usurpation, calling it bloodshed valor. He must be made by the iniquity of those who use him, the bugler and the brigand: but glory calls him grander names, millionaires than the cage of lewd wicked wonders of the world shouts and acknowledges them. And is this the true condition—is this the end for which the Author of Being set all who are young in the ways of the world?

The way to get credit is to be punctual—the way to preserve it, is not to use it much; settle often; have short accounts. Trust no man's appearance—he is often poorest who is so; sound for the purpose of obtaining credit. Beware of gaudy external; ragtag usually does well. The rule of three holds in dress. Four on any one, who cannot but little on his back. Never trust him who flies into a passion on any occasion; it is a sign he has not the right to be any virtue in the law. Be well satisfied before you give credit, that those to whom you give are safe and responsible. Never buy goods at a small advance, and never misrepresent them, for those whom you once deceive will be aware of you and avoid you. Keep no sights with all, and they will repose confidence in you and soon become your permanent customers. Always sell for cash, and mark down and shy prefigurers, unbounded honorably in the law who are too lazy to get an honest living industry who are too proud to be attentive to all who are young in the ways of the world.

Courtesy. *Quod est cessus?* (What is it to cease?)

Pedant. Ex cubit fuere. (To make out of nothing.)

Q. Exigo, is doctrum exercus? (Therefore we make you a doctor?)

MANUFACTURE OF STEEL PENS.

In the first place, flat sections of steel are cut out, of the shape required, by a stamping press; they are then placed under another press, which pierces the holes and cuts the slits; and they are then struck into their concave shape by a third press. They have then to be polished and tempered, which is managed in a peculiar apparatus, called emphatically "The Devil," consisting of a fly wheel and a box, in which the pens are placed, and by which a motion is given, resembling that exhibited in shaking materials together in a bag. This motion is continued for eight hours, when the pens are found to be completely deprived, by their friction against each other, of any sharp corners which might have existed on their edges, and which, though invisible to the naked eye, would have obstructed the free passage of the pens. After this process, they are tempered in a brass shakers, and brought to a blue color, being carefully watched, and the heat lessened wherever a shade of yellow is observed on their surface. The split is then completed by touching the sides with a pair of pincers—some ideas may be given of the greater rapidity with which the steel pens are made than the quill, when we state, that of the latter it is reckoned that a man cannot make a hundred a day, whilst with the present steel pen machines, as many may be made in a single hour—and with the greatest ease. Of which those two prices are made is frequently allowed with some other metal, in order to improve the elasticity and in some cases to prevent the ink from corroding. The quantity of steel pens sold alone employed in this country for making pens, amounts to one hundred and twenty-five tons per annum, which is equivalent to about three hundred millions of pens! a number employing such an immense amount of labor and ingenuity, as for the most part, did not the Parliamentary returns attest the fact.—*Atkerton's Treatise on Pens, Ink and Paper.*

SOUND ADVICE TO BUSINESS MEN.

The following may be old, but it is sound and good. We copy it from a foreign journal, and commend it at an especial manner to the attention of all who are young in the ways of the world:

The way to get credit is to be punctual—the way to preserve it, is not to use it much; settle often; have short accounts. Trust no man's appearance—he is often poorest who is so; sound for the purpose of obtaining credit. Beware of gaudy external; ragtag usually does well. The rule of three holds in dress. Four on any one, who cannot but little on his back. Never trust him who flies into a passion on any occasion; it is a sign he has not the right to be any virtue in the law. Be well satisfied before you give credit, that those to whom you give are safe and responsible. Never buy goods at a small advance, and never misrepresent them, for those whom you once deceive will be aware of you and avoid you. Keep no sights with all, and they will repose confidence in you and soon become your permanent customers. Always sell for cash, and mark down and shy prefigurers, unbounded honorably in the law who are too lazy to get an honest living industry who are too proud to be attentive to all who are young in the ways of the world.

Consequence. *Quod est cessus?* (What is it to cease?)

Pedant. Ex cubit fuere. (To make out of nothing.)

Q. Exigo, is doctrum exercus? (Therefore we make you a doctor?)

THE BISHOP OF NORWICH AND FATHER MATHEW.—The Bishop of Norwich has written a letter which he says:—"If the Rev. T. Mathew comes to Norwich, I shall think it my duty to receive him at the Palace, and every respect to an individual to whose zealous exertions in recovering so large a portion of the community from the degrading and ruinous effects of intemperance, men of all religious persuasions and parties are a debt of gratitude.—*Norwich Journal.*

MARRIAGE.—I look upon a man's attachment to a woman, who has made herself the most agreeable sacrifice unto to him in his dealings with the world—it keeps him from all those small but wretched habits of mind, which destroy, but which certainly, though slowly, undermine the foundations of better things, till in the end he is left destitute of right thinking, save under the comfort of temptation.

THE GREAT INSTITUTION of the body will be found to be the stomach, and to that organ need you may rub up the dim sunshine lights and oil up the rusty hinges of the disordered machinery, and you will soon find the pimples and the pustules of the countenance disappear, the yellowness of the eyes disappear, the sallowness of the cheeks disappear, and the whole man or woman will be found to be in a healthful condition. Then, and then only, will the blood move freely through the veins of the body, and the whole system be found in a healthful condition. Then, and then only, will the blood move freely through the veins of the body, and the whole system be found in a healthful condition. Then, and then only, will the blood move freely through the veins of the body, and the whole system be found in a healthful condition.

Choice Selections.

THE VAUDOIS HARVEST HYMN.

BY H. HASTINGS WELD.

Father of Mercies! God of Peace!
Bring whose bounties never cease
While in the wilderness we roam,
Around our mingled streams
Thy blessings fall in showers of grace,
Which save a happy people come.

Our dwellings sheltered by Thy care,
Shades of peace are spread around
The refuge to Thy blessing crown
As hundred fold, the sparest fields
Of flowing grain and purple vines
Are tokens of Thy Love Divine.

The exalted of others
Dwells in tranquil rest—Thou
Thanks flowing step, and Thine
Is sweet repose, and Thine
Secure may trembling age, Or Lord
Lead yet in safety by Thy side
Thou to these blessings to increase
Teach us to serve Thee, teach to love
Lead yet in safety by Thy side
The force of Thy hand is Thine
And Thy will is Thy Lord
The serene God our greatest good
Whether to pain, the earth four
Or in the sun or in the shade
Or on enthroned air, the wheat
Repeated and of all, God we
Gathered into Thy garner be

FASHIONS FOR THE WEEK.—The ball season shooting blooms with a gayer gayety than ever this side, warranted to hold all the gimme that will be used by the weather, now in great vogue for the season which will be used by the ladies as manteaux to wear at all, and the shirt is decidedly decisive, among the anniversaries and exposure of a number of the ladies, as a substitute for the cravat as a bit of nonsense to be lazue a few inches long as a piece of bread the string of the bonnet, which is worn by Byron for—has been given. We have observed nothing new in dresses except the introduction of the Spanish flounce, which is the greatest rage, being without braces, and keeping the shooting-blouse closely buttoned to conceal the unbuttoned. But the thing to speak of, and mainly the last thing we should patronize, is the legitimate straw Bertha. We have seen a very pleasing effect given by the use of the shoe, slightly drawn at heel, and affording a glimpse of a very rich, elaborately-darned sock, which is at once very neat and very rich, shoe by a side fissure in the chaussure, which is slightly slanted to admit of it.—*Punch.*

A CURIOSITY.—Captain Joseph G. Jenkins exhibited to us a curiosity in the shape of a pen cruse struck by the United States mint during the Presidency of Washington. On one side is the profile of Washington, surrounded by the words and figures—*Washington President, 1791.* On the reverse, the American Eagle, eight stars and the motto—*E Pluribus Unum.* An accurate fac-simile of the head of this coin, which portrays in living colors the high character of Washington, and which the pen has always experienced when his name was placed conspicuously before the public. When a specimen of the coinage was brought to him and he was asked to affix his signature stamped upon it, he immediately ordered the mint to be destroyed, and the few pieces already struck to be suppressed. The head of "Liberty" was substituted, which is on all the issues on all American coins.—*Hollard Columbian.*

ANECDOTE.—During the last war, at the time the British troops sailed across the St. Lawrence and took possession of Ogdensburgh, there was a colonel stationed at that place, who, owing to the neighboring town, who came good his retreat down the river as the British army advanced. After the enemy left, the colonel and his wife coming to town to breakfast. He immediately and extremely directed her to do something suggesting that he would take home and she might follow on foot. His wife determined, and advanced him that he could escape much sooner on foot than on horseback. This argumental he protested against most vehemently, and consoled his wife with this argument: "My dear, it would be far better that *two women should be killed than that one true soldier should be lost to his country.*" *St. Lawrence Rep.*

THE MASSACHUSETTS AUCTIONEER.—The following whimsical circumstance is given in an English paper:—"Some time since a man who had business with a magistrate, who is an auctioneer, gave much offence by neglecting to call him his Worship, on which he committed him to jail for contempt. When the man obtained his discharge, he constantly attended at worship's office, bawling for almost every lot, 'Three pence, your Worship! Six pence, your Worship!' which caused such scenes of laughter at the auctioneer's expense, that he was glad to give the man ten guineas never to attend his sales any more.

WHITE HOUSEKEEPING.—The existence of this singular anomaly in the line of fruits, may be doubted by many, but its existence can now be clearly established, and not as an exotic, as has probably been supposed. The Macon (Geo.) Messenger says it is a genuine native of that State, and grows in Monroe county near the Ocmulgee River. As yet it has been seen in but one field, where there are a considerable number of bushes. The fruit is very white and beautiful, and of good size and quality.—*Bangor Whig.*

JACK KETCH.—An English writer says that such executioner as Jack Ketch and Calcraft, inherited from Sir Richard Jaquett, of whom no other memorial exists but an almost illegible tablet in the church of St. Edward VI., wherein he is appointed Lord of the Manor of Tyburne, with its appurtenances, including the gallows—a curious specimen of Jaquett that antiquaries attribute Jack Ketch.

The Olio.

NOT IN WANT OF A WIFE.

Oh, not in want of a wife am I,
With your smiles and good humor so sly
With your songs and your sighs and your sentiment too
And that eloquent glance of your eye
I'm weary of flirting with you.

It has long been the plague of my life
To be fought phantom about
Like a target for every one's knife
I confess as set by your side—
I'm tired of hearing you sing
I have not a penny to spend
And by how it's a dangerous thing
To be married to a friend.

Be summoned by a beauty and bell
My heart cannot answer to you
Will never find time to get well.

WEBSTER'S DICTIONARY.—The editor of the Norwalk (Ct. Gazette is a "trainer" and in his last issue he says:—"Webster's Dictionary."

NORWALK August 21 1841

In pursuance of the above notice I attended the expt of the 4 com 4 Regiment of Lite and Artillery Militia Hough citizens to appear in parade Near the Hotell of Daniel Stevenson in Norwalk on the morning of the 21st day of Sept at 1 o'clock P M armed and equip as the law Directs for military exercise and in specified.

At the last moments, the editor was preparing to "appear on parade" with his spelling-book

CLERICAL ABSURDITY.—A certain pedantic gentleman once presented himself at Cambridge for a doctor's degree, and as is usual on such occasions, the question was asked him in Latin, whether the following classical act was established:

Quærimur. Quod est cessus? (What is it to cease?)

Pedant. Ex cubit fuere. (To make out of nothing.)

Q. Exigo, is doctrum exercus? (Therefore we make you a doctor?)

THE BISHOP OF NORWICH AND FATHER MATHEW.—The Bishop of Norwich has written a letter which he says:—"If the Rev. T. Mathew comes to Norwich, I shall think it my duty to receive him at the Palace, and every respect to an individual to whose zealous exertions in recovering so large a portion of the community from the degrading and ruinous effects of intemperance, men of all religious persuasions and parties are a debt of gratitude.—*Norwich Journal.*

MARRIAGE.—I look upon a man's attachment to a woman, who has made herself the most agreeable sacrifice unto to him in his dealings with the world—it keeps him from all those small but wretched habits of mind, which destroy, but which certainly, though slowly, undermine the foundations of better things, till in the end he is left destitute of right thinking, save under the comfort of temptation.

THE GREAT INSTITUTION of the body will be found to be the stomach, and to that organ need you may rub up the dim sunshine lights and oil up the rusty hinges of the disordered machinery, and you will soon find the pimples and the pustules of the countenance disappear, the yellowness of the eyes disappear, the sallowness of the cheeks disappear, and the whole man or woman will be found to be in a healthful condition. Then, and then only, will the blood move freely through the veins of the body, and the whole system be found in a healthful condition. Then, and then only, will the blood move freely through the veins of the body, and the whole system be found in a healthful condition.

CHARCOAL SKETCHES.

JOSEPH C. NEAL.

THE AMERICAN BOZ

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